

# Ladies' LITERARY Museum



"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

## Adventures of a Night.

A ROMANCE. (Continued.)

can be nothing behind a curtain, but a graven image, representing a 'human figure of ghastly paleness, in the habiliments of the grave, the face apparently decayed, and disfigured by worms;'<sup>1</sup> or else 'a corpse stretched on a low couch, crimsoned with blood, as well as the floor beneath;'<sup>2</sup> or 'a niche filled with the bones of departed friars;'<sup>3</sup> and all that is not very pleasant to see. It will be as well to keep out of the way.' On making this prudent resolution, Mr. Dob advanced a few steps towards the door; but when on the point of passing thro' it, he again cast his eyes towards the niche. 'And yet,' said he, pausing,—'if I do not look into the recess, the reader will never know what is behind that curtain: but if it should again be the spectre of the chevalier de Germueil, which I meet with at every turn! 'what if he rose from his grave at this sad and silent hour? what if he broke the bonds of the tomb, and glided angrily before my blasted eyes? oh! I never could support the sight! great God! what is this?' As he uttered these words, 'his eyes, which were fixed upon the bed, saw the curtain shaken gently backwards and forwards.'<sup>4</sup> 'Is there any *pirate* hid, like the one who got into the marchioness's apartments, at the chateau de Blangy?'<sup>5</sup> cried he aloud, in accents, which he meant to be very bold and courageous; they were any thing else but bold or courageous: no one replied. 'It was only the wind,' said he, recovering himself. Again he paced the chamber; but an involuntary movement of awe and inquietude, constantly led his eye towards the alcove—he drew near it with irresolution;<sup>6</sup> he suddenly remembered the horror which Emily experienced, when she discovered madame Montoni, dying in one of the towers of Udolpho.<sup>7</sup> He

N<sup>o</sup> 13.

'paused before he ascended the few steps which led to it, he put out his hand thrice to remove the curtains and as often drew it back.'<sup>8</sup> 'The poor reader!' exclaimed he, 'he must be upon thorns, and very impatiently waiting for me to tell him what is behind this curtain; but 'absurd terrors!' he cried, at length ashamed at his own weakness.<sup>9</sup> 'I am quite sure that it is only madonna Flora, who has hid herself, to watch what I am about, as she did from father Ambrosio: come, come, I will not be less courageous than was the prior of the Dominicans of Madrid, altho, no devil, that I know of, meddles with my concerns.' Hastily he mounted his steps. 'Ghost or devil, I hold you,' exclaimed he, suddenly pulling one of the tassels, which fell from the canopy: he uttered a cry of horror, and the curtain fell from his hand, perceiving what it had concealed was no picture.<sup>10</sup> 'Good God! good God!' said he, turning from it and trembling with horror: 'on such an object, it will readily be believed, no person could endure to look twice;<sup>11</sup> 'oh! for some friendly breast to lay my weary head on; some cordial accents to revive my soul!<sup>12</sup> I am as much caught as Emily was; but, tho my story will not be in four thick volumes as her's is, yet the reader shall wait quite as long before he knows what I have seen: ah!' continued he, 'what can possess people to place such shocking things behind curtains; especially, when they have nothing to do with the main part of the story.' Making the best of his way out, by a door, different from the one by which he had entered, he found himself in a room, much larger, and more simply ornamented than the first; 'the furniture consisted of some benches of oak, placed around: in the centre a preacher's chair, over which hung a large picture, representing the mysteries of the catholic religion.' 'Ah! ah!' said he, 'if I am not mistaken, this room is like the

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one in which the duke de Luovo took shelter, when he pursued Julia; I wish I could hear 'a wild uproar of merriment and song; I would close that door, and behold 'in a large room well lighted, a company of friars round a table, profusely spread with wines and fruits;' <sup>13</sup> all for the pleasure of abusing monks and monasteries, which is a principal thing in an English romance.'

The terror of Mr. Dob was not the less powerful for having been short-lived, as he very well knew, that having once set foot in deserted apartments, alarms and surprises follow each other in quick succession, that he could not find time to reflect on each of them: he therefore set about considering, with more attention than before, the place in which he then found himself. 'This room would be useless,' said he, 'if it contains nothing but what I see before me, and there can be nothing useless in the south-western tower.' He soon had cause to feel the justness of this remark: that which was in some preservation, was the portrait of a man in a French habit, at full length; he seemed of a middle size, and elegant figure; but the countenance was melancholy and dejected, while he rested with one arm on the fragment of a gravestone. <sup>14</sup> It will easily be guessed that this was the portrait of the chevalier de Germueil. Dob made a wry face, and turned towards some other portraits covered with dust and cobwebs; <sup>15</sup> among the latter he recognised the portrait of the president in his robes of ceremony, and those of several of his relations in different singular habits. This not being a very pleasing sight, he was turning away, when his attention was attracted by a picture placed above the others; it represented a lovely young woman: 'dark brown hair played carelessly along the open forehead; the nose was rather inclined to aquiline; the lips spoke in a smile, but a melancholy one; the eyes were blue, and directed upwards with an expression of peculiar meekness, while the soft cloud of the brow spoke the sensibility of the temper.' <sup>16</sup> 'What the devil!' said Mr. Dob, who had a good memory, 'can the portrait of the marquise de Villeroi be doing here? But no,' continued he, on a nearer examination, 'this pretty girl holds to her heart a miniature, which, as well as I can see, resembles my rogue of a son. I should be glad to know who can have placed the portrait of citizen Dob, junior, in the south-west tower; that is what I must instantly ascertain.' The picture was suspended rather high: on looking around, Mr. Dob descried the only arm chair which graced the apartment. He ran to fetch it, and was preparing to stand on it, when, to his infinite surprise, he perceived indeed that it represented the same young person, but it was no longer the same painting. Instead of the fresh and blooming countenance, which had at first so much charmed him, he now beheld it pale, and bedewed

with tears. The beautiful tresses which had been before so tastefully disposed, now fell in disorder on a dress, simple and unadorned, which now usurped the place of the elegant and magnificent habit which had so much excited his admiration. The expression of the countenance was changed: it now breathed only grief and melancholy; but it still preserved the same original, unutterable sweetness. It was a face which could never be beheld without emotion. She still pressed to her heart the same miniature, and her fine eyes, suffused with tears, were raised to heaven with an angelic expression. 'Adszooms!' cried Dob, rather surprised, 'this is quite new! no one has before taken it into their heads to exhibit a magic lantern in any tower, either east or west; and the good father was right, tho he is a monk, when he told me the south-west tower was alone worth all the others put together!' It might be natural to suppose, that when Dob made this observation, he was joking: on the contrary, his feelings were strongly excited; he felt the more pleasure in contemplating this picture, as he clearly distinguished the miniature to be a resemblance of his son. Suddenly he fancied that he heard a low sigh draw near him. He had already raised himself from his seat, and was on the point of taking the lamp from the table. The imaginary noise stopped him; he drew back his hand, and supported himself by the back of a chair. He listened anxiously, but nothing more was heard. 'Gracious God!' said he to himself, 'what could be that sound? Was I deceived, or did I really hear it?' 'Presently the latch of the door was lifted backwards and forwards, slowly and gradually it turned upon its hinges, and, standing on the threshold, he beheld a tall figure wrapped in a *shawl*, which covered it from head to feet.' <sup>17</sup> Opposite to Mr. Dob was a cabinet, above which was placed a dial, of which the hand pointed to within a few minutes of two o'clock. 'Oh, heaven!' cried he, 'the hour approaches, and the disturbance is about to begin.' <sup>18</sup> 'The figure stopped opposite to the clock, it raised its right arm, and pointed to the hour; the stranger advanced yet a few steps nearer Mr. Dob.' 'To-morrow,' said she, 'to-morrow morning we shall meet again!' Dob 'shuddered at the words—we meet again.' He pronounced at length, with difficulty, 'Where shall we meet? Whom shall I meet?' 'The figure, with one hand pointed to the cabinet, which opened, and discovered a large saloon, in the centre of which was a large table, covered with an excellent repast. 'Oh! that is vastly well imagined,' said Mr. Dob, rubbing his hands, 'your place of rendezvous is much better chosen than that in which Elvira appointed to meet her daughter Antonia. But let us conclude our business; you hav'n't told me who I am to meet.' 'The figure with the other hand, raised the *shawl* which covered its face.' Mr. Dob



shrieked, and fell lifeless on the floor;<sup>20</sup> in order to give the figure time to disappear, of which it did not fail to take advantage; and, when Mr. Dob arose, he again found himself alone. 'The deuce take it,' said he, a little angry with himself, 'I need not have been so much afraid. But perhaps I shall now find out what is become of that young woman, who is positively the original of the very picture I have been so much admiring. Suppose she should be a ghost! I own I should be sorry for it; I should like to meet her once more, even if it was in the midst of a wood after a terrible storm, as young Masirini found Agnes;<sup>21</sup> or even among a band of robbers in the midst of the forest of Strasburg;<sup>22</sup> or even in a house situated on a heath three leagues from Paris; or like that where monsieur de la Motte arrived so opportunely to take charge of Adeline;<sup>23</sup> or, in short, in any manner, provided our recognisance be as well brought about as that of most heroes or heroines in English romances, who never fail to arrive so precisely, that one would be tempted to believe they had given each other the meeting. And yet,' continued Dob, 'upon reflection, tho I was terribly frightened just now, and that not without reason; yet it was nothing to what I felt, nothing to what I saw when I peeped behind the curtain into the 'nich of the saloon.' While he was still meditating on the young woman, who had appeared to him, a violent crash was heard proceeding from a neighboring apartment; it seemed like a heap of old armor, that in giving way had clashed together with violence. 'Ah, ah,' said Mr. Dob, with more composure than might be expected, 'I suppose it is father Pierre, who is amusing himself in all the pomp of war, with his 'sword, shield, helmet, cuirass, fire arms, and other weapons defensive and offensive;' I will take good care not to disturb his pastimes.' Scarcely had Mr. Dob uttered these words, 'when he heard the slight creaking, as of a door which was cautiously opened; to this succeeded slow and heavy foot steps, which were betrayed by the echoing roofs of the long corridors; the clanking of chains also announced the speedy appearance of the phantom.'<sup>24</sup>

'It is all over with me,' cried he, 'there is Rasoni disguised as a hermit, who is going to frighten me as much as he did Celestina, and I shall be lucky if he behaves no worse to me than he did to

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. 2. Udolpho.          | 14. Grasv. Abbey. |
| 3. Hubert de Sev.       | 15, 16. Udolpho.  |
| 4. The Monk.            | 17. Monk.         |
| 5. Udolpho.             | 18. Tomb.         |
| 6. Monk.                | 19, 20. Monk.     |
| 7. Udolpho.             | 21. G. Abbey.     |
| 8, 9. Monk.             | 22. Monk.         |
| 10, 11. Udolpho.        | 23. Rom. Forest.  |
| 12. Rom. of the Forest. | 24. Celestina.    |
| 13. Sicilian Romance.   |                   |

## Editor's Diary.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1818.

Just Published, and for Sale at this office, (No. 164, south Eleventh street,) price 75 cents *fine*,—50 cents *coarse*,  
THE

## Lyre of Love & Harp of Sorrow, OR POEMS, SONNETS, & SONGS,

BY HENRY C. LEWIS.

DIED, last week, major-general John Barker, of this city, an officer of the Revolution, æt. 72.

The following is the manner in which marriages are published in *Missouri*:

"MARRIED on — miss Ruthy Hawkins to Mr. John Jones," &c.

The number of our Patrons who preferred the mode of paying by the *Quarter*, is so small, compared to those who have made the *Yearly* payment, that we are induced to extend the advantage of the annual price, even at this period, notwithstanding three months of the year have elapsed. Those therefore, who have paid ONE dollar for the quarter just transpired, can entitle themselves to receive the paper for the ensuing NINE months, by the immediate payment of only Two dollars more. The few delinquents by recollecting that our terms are always *in advance*, will perceive, that *this month* brings them (quarterly) Two dollars in our debt:—By accepting our 'yearly' terms, for ONE dollar in *addition* to the two now due, they can have our papers for the remainder of the present year.

While on this subject, we cannot help expressing our thanks for the uniform prompt payment we have received, excepting two or three solitary instances, since the commencement of this publication. We cannot but flatter ourselves, from this circumstance, that we have done our utmost with some success, to give general satisfaction. We have pride in stating, that we have not the least shadow of complaint on that disagreeable subject, to both Patrons and Editor, a delay or neglect of payment. We only regret, that the *aggregate number* of our Patrons, does not equal, in any respect, their *respectability and generosity*. However, by a continued exertion of our usual attention to every branch connected with the establishment, we still earnestly hope to see a perfect equality in those two essential points; and, if we may judge from the increased support received only since we removed our Office to its present situation, that 'consummation devoutly to be wished' is not far distant. Until this takes place our readers must content themselves with that little 'literary leisure' which we can steal from the mechanical labors of the undertaking to devote our talents to the Editorial Department, which, while our thoughts are occupied and perplexed with every minor affair, cannot be expected to be so well adapted to please the desultory mind, 'studious of change,' and 'fond of novelty,' as if we were set free from every shackle attendant on these numerous duties, and allowed to devote our whole attention to that alone.

**"Utile Dulce."**

"THE MIND MAY BE 'AMUSED' INTO IMPROVEMENT."

[By our Letter Box.]

To the "Association of Female Spies."

LADIES—In justice to your useful "Pictures," particularly the last, I am induced to lay before you the effect that *my likeness*, as drawn by your pencil, has had upon me. In the character of Mr. Peevish, it was impossible not to see *myself*. I was perusing an old number of the "Dessert" when the "Museum" was handed to me by my servant. The "Mirror" instantly caught my attention—and I had no sooner skimmed it over, than I involuntarily exclaimed, "I will, so help me, God!" The exclamation startled my wife, and she eagerly inquired what was the matter with me. As the ejaculation arose from a laudable resolution, I was not ashamed to make the cause known, and explain all my emotions to a worthy woman to whom, as I now perceive, I must have acted many times unjustly. I had just read the following paragraph in the "Dessert," which no doubt prepared my mind for the change I hope I have undergone by the influence your Mirror had upon my mind. By subjoining this, you will the easier perceive the cause of my sudden exclamation: it is this:

"Why is man generally peevish, morose, sul-  
len, fretful or passionate, and seldom enjoying  
that beautiful equilibrium of temper that alone can  
produce happiness to himself and others? The ob-  
ject of all (said I to myself) is to acquire comfort  
and happiness; but how wide do they steer of the  
mark, that give way to hateful passions. I recol-  
lected how trivial faults, of persons in my em-  
ploy, made me impatient—that I sometimes was  
subject to those disagreeable emotions, and that  
I thereby made those and myself unhappy: I be-  
thought myself of recent trials, which, tho afflic-  
tive, should not have excited discontent, and I put  
up a fervent petition to heaven, to assist me in a  
resolution I then formed of never giving way to  
chagrin, but of always endeavoring to possess, at  
least, a pleasing equanimity. I am no enemy to  
transports of joy, when not carried to excess: I  
fancy, that for this end are the passions given to  
us; but we have perverted into a source of uneas-  
iness what was designed to increase our pleasure,  
and to make this life of probation less burthen-  
some. I will, continued I, from this, endeavor to  
be as happy myself as possible, and it shall be my

care to cause those around me, as far as lies in my  
power, to participate in my bliss. My domestics,  
and all under my care, shall be but gently reprov-  
ed when they err; or rather, I will acquaint them  
merely with their faults, and if they are wise they  
surely will improve. My children I will advise  
with the utmost tenderness, and use every art to  
allure them into the paths of virtue; good shall be  
represented to them in the most glowing and fasci-  
nating colors, and vice shall be depicted with the  
most frightful, hideous and forbidding appearance.  
My wife, the partner of my joys, must be the  
partaker of my happiness—hand in hand shall we  
go in this blissful path—no jar shall disturb our  
harmony, nor shall discontent or anger ever wrin-  
kle our brows: then shall we fulfil the design of  
our Maker in sending us into the world, and shall  
pass thro its variegated scenes with as much com-  
fort and content as can possibly be enjoyed here  
below by mortals."

And, with the blessed help of Heaven, I repeat,  
"so will I!" When I had fully explained myself  
to my dear E——, a happy renewal of all our *honey  
moon* immediately took place; which, while I con-  
tinue in this determination to govern my passion  
and fretfulness, and look with charitable eyes on  
the failings of others, will no doubt last till one of  
us is in the grave.

I cannot, Ladies, conclude this acknowlege-  
ment without expressing my highest opinion of  
the real utility of the "Mirror." You have certain-  
ly the most correct idea of the manner in which  
satire *ought* to be applied. The generality of  
writers who have endeavored to "shoot folly as it  
flies," and correct the errors of the age, have too  
plainly *pointed out* the individual to the contempt  
and ridicule of all who knew him personally or by  
report. But you, Ladies, *conceal* him from the eye  
of the Public, and *show* him to none but *himself*.

With the hope that others may profit, as I have  
done, when they *see* their follies reflected in this  
just manner, I subscribe myself under the ficti-  
tious name you very properly gave me, and am,  
Ladies, your much indebted, and reformed

**HAPPY "PEEVISH."**

The indulgence of our humor affords but a mo-  
mentary gratification—but to oblige another, pro-  
puges a lasting delight.

There is nothing to be felt but uneasiness and dis-  
gust in the company of that man, whose whole socia-  
bility consists in a series of insulting efforts to acquire  
a species of vulgar ascendancy over his equals.

Good manners is the art of making those easy with  
whom we converse.



## "MATILDA" TO THE "OLD BACHELOR."

*Esteemed Sir*—Tho I am hostile to any thing like trespassing upon the patience, time and good nature of another, yet a self-conviction of my own innocence, and a desire to make *some folks* acquainted with the treacherous, deceitful and base conduct of Theodore Grubbins, are the sole motives which actuate me to a public avowal of a circumstance which has lately transpired, and which no consideration but your well-known integrity and my wounded feelings could ever have induced me to make public. Relying, therefore, on your honor, your feelings and your many amiable qualities, I condescend *once* to swerve from *secrecy*, by briefly stating the fact as it occurred.

Last Saturday evening, Theodore, for the first time these six weeks, rapped at our door: father and mother had gone on a visit to neighbor Jones's, and left me alone to mind the house. With eyes beaming tranquility and happiness, and a countenance of perfect ease and sobriety, he entered into the house, and with a "how d'ye do, miss Matilda!" seated himself by the fire. Think, my old friend, how I felt! My bosom heaved with revenge and love—my breast palpitated with grief, and tears profusely marked their course down my cheeks. I attempted several times to raise my head, but all was vain: the moment my eyes met those of Theodore, I was ready to cry out, 'I forgive you! I forgive you!' but the instant they sought for some object of diversion on the floor, I could have bellowed out, 'revenge! revenge!' In this situation we remained some time, neither of us daring to utter a syllable; at length, animated by the justness of my cause, I muttered out, 'well, Theodore, you make yourself a stranger about our house lately.' 'What,' exclaimed he, apparently in a surly mood, and his eyes darting fire, 'a stranger? to be sure I do: I never calculated nor *wished* on being received on any other light. Had it not been for a desire to ascertain your sentiments on *one* subject, I should not now have condescended to visit your miserable hovel!' 'Miserable!' cried I, enraged at such an expression: 'miserable hovel! do you call that place miserable to which you owe your present prosperous situation: Theodore, you know that to *my father* you are indebted for your present happiness, and to his daughter for your reputation.' 'Reputation! Miss!' said he, 'I'll let you know, Matilda, that *my* reputation is as unsullied as the dew of heaven—and I only regret that *yours* is not as spotless!' 'Villain!' I exclaimed, 'that thou art; this bosom con-

tains what could blast thy reputation in an instant. Thou art, sir, the seducer of innocence—the destroyer of happiness—the foul fiend clothed in the garb of friendship, but carrying in thy heart treachery, hypocrisy, and guile.' 'Hush thy foul tongue,' cried Theodore; 'all I desire thee to do is, *keep silent!* I have thee in my power, Matilda, and I can destroy thee. Answer me this one question, and I will leave thee. Didst thou not deceive me by repeated falsehoods with regard to your *wealth?*' 'Deceive thee?' I answered, 'if thou valuest only *wealth*, and loved me only because you understood I was *rich*, you deserved to be deceived; and to satisfy you I tell you I am *poor!* but if *poverty* be a crime, then am I guilty: for my part, when I make a choice,

'I ask good sense—a taste refin'd,  
 Candor with prudence blended;  
 A feeling heart—a virtuous mind,  
 With charity attended.'

'I have done,' said Theodore, 'where there is nought but innocence and beauty, I will never stoop to go: therefore, Matilda, I tell you this—you are *poor* and I DESPISE you!' As he uttered these words, he hastily snatched up his hat and left me.

Now, I appeal once more to your generosity, to say, if this is conduct characteristic of a man? For more than three weeks had he been busily engaged in traducing my character, and for more than thrice that time has he been courting my *apparent* wealth, and now he is seeking for an opportunity of destroying me, because *I am poor!*

Doylestown D.

MATILDA.

## TACITURNITY OF GREAT MEN.

Dryden's sluggishness or dullness in conversation, of which even he himself complains, and upon which Dr. Johnson speculates so much, probably arose from a deficiency of animal spirits alone. This perhaps better than any cause, will account for that modesty, reserve and diffidence, for which many men of genius are remarkable—Virgil spoke but little. The wit of Thompson never flowed till midnight. Pope was observed to be silent in company, till he had heated his fancy with a cheerful glass. Addison's taciturnity is notorious. It was not till late at night when claret circulated freely, that any portion of that humor and elegance could be elicited, of which none but his most intimate friends knew him to be possessed. These men were of low animal spirits, and of delicate nerves. They therefore needed more than ordinary spurs to unfold their intellectual treasures.

## Humorous.

Rose, the private and confidential secretary of Louis XIV, had married his daughter to M. Pontall, president of the parliament. The husband was constantly complaining to him of the temper and disposition of his daughter. 'You are right,' said Rose, 'she is an impertinent jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her, I will disinherit her.' *The husband felt no desire to make any more complaints of his wife.*

A person being requested to define *hard drinking*, said it was sitting on a *rock* and sipping *cold water*.

Two Jews were distinguished, one for his skill in boxing, and the other for his fondness of the fair sex. A gentleman being asked to what tribe they belonged, answered, 'I rather think that one is an Amorite and the other a Hittite.'

A gentleman, in Angiers, who did not trust to his memory, but wrote down all he was to do, entered in his pocket-book this memorandum, 'I am to be married when I come to Tours.'

The power of music is happily illustrated in an anecdote of an Irish fiddler, who, in passing thro a field, was attacked by a mad bull; after vainly endeavoring to escape, he faced about to his antagonist, and commenced scraping his cat-gut with such admirable taste and execution that the bull danced a minuet: when Paddy thought he had fiddled his horn'd excellency into a good humor, he ceased his strain; the bull immediately renewed his attack. Paddy again had recourse to his fiddle; the bull again began to caper: and in this manner he was tormented and held in durance vile by his relentless persecutor, until night favored his escape.

Men and their wives, recently married, squeezing hands, patting checks, ogling, and making love to each other at table, shows a frank temper, and warm and generous constitutions.

The learned Dr. West having married a lady by the name of *Experience*, who was very tall, being asked one day after his marriage, 'what he thought of the married state,' replied, 'that by *long Experience* he found it was a good thing.'

A countryman observed an advertisement of a *fencing master* at \$12 a quarter, and supposing his intention was to enclose fields on an improved plan, called to inquire 'if he meant to find "*stuff*."'

## Sentimental.

## DISAPPOINTMENT AND HOPE.

The morn of my life was cheerful as the singing of birds, and lovely as the opening of spring, not a cloud arose to mar its beauty, or obscure the bright sun of innocence and youth: every sense was gratified, every flower was sweet, and every rose without a thorn. Every kiss was a pledge of affection, and every friend was true. My cheeks were then blooming with health, and my eyes glistened with happiness. But, alas! the charm is broken, the scene is changed, and the flowers have lost their fragrance, and on the rose I have found a thorn. Friends that were dear, have departed, and nothing is left me but the recollection of joys that are fled. Grief has stolen the rose from my cheek, and my eyes overflow with tears. But a little while, and my sorrow will be over and forgotten; my heart strings, which are now touched with anguish, will then thrill with rapture; my friends which I have lost will be restored, and our affections will be as pure and as lasting as the Paradise which we shall inhabit. The lovely flowers, which are now withered and gone, will be revived and increased in beauty; no more will the lily and the rose when sparkling from the morning dew, be an emblem of sorrowing virtue; for every gale will waft happiness—and every zephyr fragrance.

## THE SEASON OF LOVING.

It is in the season of loving, that all the affections natural to the heart of man, unfold themselves. Then it is that innocence, candor, sincerity, modesty, generosity, heroism, holy faith, piety, express themselves with grace ineffable in the attitude and features of two young lovers. Love assumes in their souls all the characters of religion and virtue. They betake themselves to flight far from the tumultuous assemblies of the city, and from the corruptive paths of ambition, in quest of some sequestered spot, where upon the rural altar they may be at liberty to mingle and exchange the tender vows of everlasting affection. The fountains, the woods, the dawning Aurora, the constellations of the night, receive by turns the sacred deposit of love. Lost at times in a religious intoxication, they consider each other as beings of a superior order. The mistress is a goddess, the lover becomes an idolater. The grass under their feet, the air which they breathe, the shades under which they repose, all, all appear consecrated in their eyes from filling the same



atmosphere with them. In the widely extended universe they behold no other felicity but that of living and dying together, or rather they have lost all sight of death. Love transports them into ages of infinite duration, and death seems to them only the transition to eternal union.

But should cruel destiny separate them from each other, neither the prospects of fortune, nor the friendship of companions the most endeared, can afford consolation under the loss. They had reached Heaven, they languish on the earth, they are hurried in their despair into the retirement of the cloister, to employ the remaining dregs of life in re-demanding of God the felicity of which they enjoyed but one transient glimpse. Nay many an irksome year after their separation, when the cold hand of age has frozen up the current of sense; after having been distracted by a thousand and a thousand anxieties foreign to the heart, which so many times made them forget that they were human, the bosom still palpitates at sight of the tomb which contains the object once so tenderly beloved. They had parted with it in the world, they hope to see it again in Heaven. Unfortunate Heloise! what sublime emotions were kindled in thy soul by the ashes of thy Abelard?

#### “ROB ROY.”

*Extracts, promised in our notice of this work.*

HELEN, ROB ROY'S WIFE.—This woman is very interestingly introduced, and described in the strongest, energetical language:

“The attack which he [captain Thornton] premeditated, was prevented by the unexpected apparition of a female upon the summit of the rock. ‘Stand!’ said she, with a commanding tone, ‘and tell me what you seek in the MacGregor’s country?’

I have seldom seen a finer or more commanding form than this woman. She might be between the term of forty and fifty years; and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty; tho, now, imprinted with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, its features were only strong, harsh and expressive. She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women of Scotland, but disposed around her body as the highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man’s bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle.

‘Its Helen Campbell, Rob’s wife,’ said the bailie in a whisper of considerable alarm, ‘and there will be broken heads among us, or its lang.’

‘What seek ye here?’ she again asked captain Thornton, who had himself advanced to reconnoitre.

‘We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy MacGregor Campbell,’ answered the officer, ‘and make no war on women; therefore, offer no vain opposition to the king’s troops, and assure yourself of civil treatment.’

‘Ay,’ retorted the Amazon, ‘I am no stranger to your tender mercies. You have left me neither name nor fame—my mother’s bones will shrink aride in their grave, when mine are laid beside them. Ye have left me and mine neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or flocks to clothes us—Ye have taken from us all!—all—the very name of our ancestors ye have taken away, and now ye come for our lives.’ ”

No one can describe the scorn and contempt with which our author makes this injured woman spurn from her presence, a miserable petitioner for his life:

“ ‘I could bid you live,’ she said, ‘had life been to you the same weary and wasting burthen that it is to me....that it is to every noble and generous mind....But you....wretch! you could creep thro the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow...you could live and enjoy yourself, like a butcher dog in the shambles, battenning on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun.’

She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered. I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. The victim was held by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid tied it round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of part of his dress. Half naked and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, above which however the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden plashed in the dark blue waters of the lake; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.”

### Apollonian Asylum.

"GOT FROM HER CARELESS HAND, THE WAND'RING  
MUSE, SCATTERS LUXURIANT SWEETS."

[By our Letter-Box.]

#### SONG....THE CAPTIVE OF LOVE.

Tune, "Galley Slave."

I once all the pleasures of freedom enjoy'd,  
As blythe as the lark I did rove;  
But now, dearest Anna my bliss has destroy'd,  
And chain'd me in fetters of love.  
O, well I remember that first happy night,  
When Anna my heart stole away;  
For then, in her eyes, with a tender delight,  
I thought I saw HOPE in each ray.  
But when, at her feet, by the heavens above,  
I swore that no love was e'er truer,  
She nought but her scorn then return'd for my love,  
Nor pity'd the pangs I endure.  
But, O! matchless Anna, not long will thy scorn,  
The peace of my bosom remove;  
For ere you my rival's proud bosom adorn,  
Will die—the poor captive of love.

LOTHARIO.

#### TO MARIE.

Since, Marie, fate ordains that we must part,  
O! hear the warmest wishes of my heart:—  
May winds, as gentle as my parting sighs,  
Waft thee, in safety, to thy destin'd skies;  
There may you see your friends and kindred dear,  
In rosy health, with open arms, appear;  
May ling'ring sickness ne'er thy bliss annoy,  
But ease, and meek-eyed peace, crown each new joy:  
Yet, while new scenes of various joys you find,  
O! may you ne'er forget those left behind;  
And once, if only once, O think of him,  
Who now makes thee his constant pleasing theme;  
O, yes, remember him, who thus so true,  
Bids thee a long farewell, a warm adieu!

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#### A HIGH-WROUGHT PICTURE,

Written for those whom it may resemble.

Perhaps you've seen a peacock strut, so proud,  
Just like a seventy-four, majestic sail;  
Displaying its gaudy star bespangled tail  
To the admiring, gaping, simple crowd.  
Or you have seen a turkey on the plain,  
Surrounded by his loving dames,—admiring;  
Craw-pufft, side scrapes, advancing, now retiring,  
Great as the leviathan of the main.  
More full art thou, than India's bird of pride,  
With all the turkey's insolence, beside.  
A weather cock's a most inconstant thing,  
Always in motion, ever on the wing;  
Now moving this way, veering now to that;  
Fickle as the ever changing wind;  
You are, in truth, capricious as a cat.

You've also seen a tranquil limpid lake  
Curl'd into billows, by a passing breeze;  
Or the black low'ring cloud in thunder break,  
Pouring destruction on the lofty trees.  
So prompt to rise, so violent your ire!  
Like Phæton, you set your little world on fire!  
And envy,—is she not sometimes your guest?  
Making a very pretty hub-bub in your breast;  
Throwing from thence, her venom-pointed dart:  
And malice, does he take you by the hand,  
Walk by your side, and with his horrid brand,  
Light to revenge and hate so fell,—your heart?  
Of all the shrews that plague mankind, I ween  
Thou justly art exalted to be Queen!

W.E.H.

#### THE FAREWELL.

Farewell, my parents, sisters, dear,  
My brothers, and my friends, adieu!  
I can't restrain the tender tear,  
That wets my cheek at leaving you!  
Ere to my destin'd skies I go,  
And part from all I love so dear,  
My heart will swell with deepest woe,  
My eyes rain many a briny tear.  
Dear parents, when I'm far from thee,  
In many a pleasing airy dream,  
You and my joys again I'll see,  
And absence be my constant theme!  
Companions of my youthful years,  
Ye girls, with whom, in mirth, I've toy'd,  
Of you I'll often think, while tears  
Shall bring to mind sports once enjoy'd.  
Towards a southern clime I steer,  
And, should my stars propitious shine,  
Perhaps of my return you'll hear,  
And I no more in absence pine:  
But, from this life should I depart,  
Ere I return from whence I'm bound,  
Mayhap, for me, some tender heart,  
Will gently heave a sigh profound!

THE TRAVELLER.

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#### SONG.

Let those who ne'er her value knew,  
Dear WOMAN'S worth deny;  
With cold indifference virtue view  
Display'd in Beauty's eye.  
I envy not the flinty soul,  
That ne'er affection felt;  
The heart where love has no control,  
That beauty cannot melt.  
Let stoics frown at lovers' bliss,  
And Woman's charms defy:  
Be 't mine to taste the honied kiss,  
And catch the tender sigh.

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